

C O U R T

A N D

C O U N T R Y.

P L A Y.

As it is Acted in all the Counties
of the KINGDOM.



Sold by Mr. WITHERS, Bookseller, over-
against Chancery-Lane, in Fleet-street,
LONDON. [Price Six-pence.]



To the Honourable Mr. *PITT*.

S I R,



OR my own advantage I make bold
to dedicate my Play to you, for at
this time I am like one of the Seers
of old, he was so big with pro-
phesy, he said he was like the moon in the
full; but I do not pretend to shine full orb,
by the impulsive light of heaven, for my fore-
sight of things only proceed from drowsy
dreams. In the eyes of the mind I saw
a monster like a man, that reach'd from
earth to heaven, and Provocation was his
name, his cheeks were many acres o'er, his
nose was like a ridge of hills, and his eyes
seemed larger than the sun or moon; in his
hand he had a purse, 'twas made of the skin
of a wolf's-head, catch'd with appetite keen,
upon the wild plains of the north; but in
the devouring jaws a greedy worm exerted
fierce, and in the twinkling of an eye, the
P—r—t house was chang'd into a harpsi-
cord on which he meanly play'd, and held
his purse to get a penny: Some strings re-
fused to sound at the finger's touch, I thought
that silence fine. The strings were false and
jarr'd,

jarr'd, and at the sound of this every cow in the kingdom became a tiger, and Oliver Cromwel groan'd in his grave, in the shape of a lion bolt upright he rote, and furious in the front of the herd he march'd; upon Highgate-Hill he roar'd with such tremendous roars, that every house in London shook, but trembling I awak'd, and found it was a dream. We read of a mighty giant that leap'd down from heaven to defend a land in affliction, and this image is worthy of your imitation, appease the tigers, and make great provocation less, then all may be well. I know that you are a reader of history, and we very seldom hear of a reader that is a jacobite, by that we hope you will do all you can, to keep the Royal Family upon the throne, except they of their own accord, are desirous to return to Hanover, and there to pass away all their time in devotion and the service of God, then we beg, for God's sake, that you will do all that in you lies to recover the place again. In the Box that was sent you by the city of London, there was a diploma to act as a physician, and cure the distemper of the times, but then, you must take great care of infection: Manners is the religion of the court, and we hope you will not be over-righteous. Alexander received a blow on the neck, that knock'd his head aside, and out of

a courtly complaisance, all his nobles met or follow'd him with their noddles all a-wry, and pray, Sir, how did it look? Old Sirac said, "Accept no person against thy soul, and let not the reverence of any man cause thee to fall," it is in your power, to make yourself particular, because the greatest rarity in this world is — an Honest Orator. Demosthenes was gagg'd with a gold cup, and his avarice so stuck in's throat that he had no power to plead for his country; the cup past away like the golden calf, but the scandal remains for ever. Yet we hope for better things from you, and pray that Abdiel the orator sublime, may be your guide and guardian angel too, he amidst a multitude of devils high up rose, and pleaded for the truth; and Milton the poet describes him thus,

*So spake the seraph Abdiel faithful sound
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, uneduc'd, untir'd
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind
Though single, from amidst them forth he pass'd
Long way through hostile scorn, which he
sustain'd*

Sup-

*Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought ;
 All night the dreadless angel unpursu'd
 Through heav'n's wide champain held his way
 'till morn :*

By glittering crowds of angels he was met,
 with branches in their hands, was taken from
 the tree of life ; betwixt the golden leaves
 the fruit hung large, like brilliant diamonds
 bright, that, in their mouths dissolv'd were
 love, delight, and life eternal high ; the
 firmament on which they stood shon clearer
 than the sun on rainbow colour'd paths ;
 there cherubs trod sublime, superlatively
 fine, they sung, the song was new, and made
 in faithful Abdiel's praise.

——— *On to the sacred hill*

*They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supreme, from whence a voice
 From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.
 Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
 Against revolted multitudes the cause of truth,*

By this we see what the poet thought would
 come at the end of good works, and my
 Play tells you what is the end of bad ones ;
 I have not wrote that in taste, because I
 am only a limbeck, that has distil'd your
 A 3 works,

works, and the speeches of the world, for at this time all their loyalty is bit with the tarantula, and you are the most proper man to hit of the right tune for its taste and cure; some are for green-sleeves, others for pudding pies, but there is a few that are ready to rise and dance in madness to another old particular tune,——which I hope will never come to pass: but if you will play for us it will put us all to rights, and no one will be more glad of that than,

Your Friend and Servant,



COURT



COURT and COUNTRY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Court and Country.

C O U R T.



ONEST Country, welcome to town.

Cn. Indeed Mr Court I cannot flatter, or else I would return the compliment: I know that honour and honesty are words at court; but we in the country judge of a man by his actions. Indeed you have a house of Lords, and they have heads, and the house of Commons they have hearts; the effects of which we see, we hear, and we do feel it too; and there is not a man amongst you that can put his heart into his mouth. And as for Kings, they are commonly known by

by their ministers; you may see how the substance moves by the motion of the shadow, and when the shadow's nose is poking at your pocket, the hungry nostril of the substance then, is smelling at your money, and as the fool in France said, "Oh cowardly Englishmen! but go on with your taxes, tax us again, and double tax us, that we may have no taxes at all."

Co. Thy blunderbuss is high charged, what do you mean?

Cn. Dionysius the tyrant imposed intolerable tributes upon his Sicilian subjects; it amaz'd them, and they petition'd, and cry'd for help, and flatter'd him, and fear'd and obey'd him carefully; but he impos'd still new ones and greater, and at last left them poor as the valleys of Veluvius, or the top of Ætna; but all their cowardice went with their money, and their poverty turn'd to valour, but then all being gone, the people grew idle and careless, and walked in the markets and publick places, cursing the tyrant, and bitterly scoffing at his person and vices, which when Dionysius heard, he caused his publicans, committees, to withdraw their impost, For now, says he, they are dangerous, because they are desperate: They curs'd him, and those curses pursued him to destruction, for in all countries, and in all ages, it is allow'd

low'd that curses have prevail'd against the curled; for he that knew the effect, would not permit Balaam to curse the Jews, it is a power that is given to an injur'd poor man, for it is said, " I will hear him, his curse ascends with a strong wing to heaven, it knocks at the door of vengeance and down tumbles the thunder upon the head of the curled." And pray Sir, how do all these curses agree with you and your folks, for I can tell you, they have thrown a great quantity of that pepper and salt upon 'em, and for why, because there is no relish of salvation amongst them.

Co. Thy words are pestilential.

Cn. My words are not my own, I am the vox populi.

Co. Vox diabolis, they are the seeds of rebellion, and beckens to the pretender, to come and set his fool-traps; and those that are taken, are to rise in arms against the laws of the kingdom, the cause of plunder, theft, rapes, and murder: But as to your saying that we are curs'd, I agree with you there, for certainly no one thing we undertake can prosper.

Cn. Have you nothing infernal amongst you? at the dissolution of Jerusalem, when God delivered the people up to Satan for the destruction of the body, the devil sent amongst them one John, a witch; he was made prime-minister, and first man in the counsel, he defeated

feated all their schemes, and led them into such miseries that never was from the beginning of the world to this day. I wish Josephus had inform'd us how they found this same John out to be a witch, then you, by the same rule, might catch the wizard in these our days; but I advise you to send to Scotland for a hag-monger, and then let all your folks stand a search, so when you find upon the top of the left thigh, a pap in the wrong place, then lay hold on the man for that is he; tie his thumbs to his two great toes, and fling him into the Thames, and there he'll swim like a bladder blown up by the devil, millions of men will come to have a peep, and the sky will be full of wings and faces to behold the sight.

Co. I know that you have conversed with more degrees of men than any man in the kingdom, and you tell me, that what you say is not your own, what is your opinion of our folks?

Cn. The ambition of Cæsar, the avarice of Cressus, and the wantonness of Mark Anthony, commonly make up the composition of a court! and we find by these three examples, that their vices were their executioners, for sin and affliction are twins, they come into the world and are chain'd together like a dog and a tiger; some men have power to muzzle the furious beast, till they tumble into eternity

together

together, but there the muzzle comes off, and then, the Lord have mercy upon all your folks. Pray Sir, what is the Reason that you never speak in parliament?

Co. At first I did, and open'd my mouth exceeding wide; but when I came home, in order to improve my action, I was practising a speech before a glass, and a comical dog came behind me, he had a dish-clout in his hand that was dip'd in gold dust, he popp'd it into my mouth, and I became as dumb as one of the grand Turk's mutes; for when I see a strike of guineas thrown into a heap of mud, I cannot help scrambling though I dirty my fingers never so much.

Cn. But when you have wash'd the money clean, will it not return to your folks again? they commonly give their wine to the tunning-dish that they may receive it again in the bottle.

Co. They must have taxes to support the war.

Cn. Then let them tax your pensions and your places.

Co. What do you think that a man must sell the little finger of his soul for nothing?

Cn. Montain says, "if two kings go to war their ministers are in the fault;" war is to cut down the fruitless fig trees, so fools are to fight and wise men to pity them? let
mon.

monstrous Germans bulk with bulk engage,
 with guts and paunches butts for cannon-
 balls, that lineage of Goliah, clumsy-headed
 clowns, journeymen to death, and only fit to
 carbonade. And if lean Frenchmen will
 fight for roots, what business have we to pro-
 tect their turnips; let their own taxes be their
 own protection; and must it not be so, then
 give a whirlwind room, and every man in the
 kingdom, with the palsy in his head, will lift
 up his hands and eyes to heaven, and sighing,
 say, Oh God we have greatly offended, and
 thou hast sent to us a rod. Now ye lofty
 giants of the land, with all your distant savage-
 nels and pride, disgorge your puff, stand still,
 consider, and then look up to the fountain-
 head, from whence your titles and your ho-
 nours flow? Oh imitate the skies no more
 for shame, let all your stars and rainbows
 glance from their spheres, as being false
 and no relation to the heavens.

Co. Now thou art like Thirsitus, quite
 run mad.

Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,
 In scandals buty, in reflections bold;
 Spleen to mankind, his envious heart possess'd,
 For much he hated all, but most the best.

Cn. Come, come, I'll sing you a song.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Our jovial fleet and army, set out to fight
 with France,
 High charg'd with rum and brandy, they
 boldly did advance;
 To France they came, with trumpet and
 with drum,
 They look'd, they nothing saw, but yet
 were over-come!
 For then old panick came, and whisper'd
 in the ear,
 He told them what he thought, of all their
 dangers there:
 To him they all agreed, and thought him
 in the right;
 For pleasure, ease, and plenty, were never
 known to fight.
 If we should fight, and take the Louver,
 They'd fight again, and burn Hanover:
 Then John the witch, he said, This Place is
 not the thing,
 But back again we must return, and wait
 upon the king!

Co. Your voice is fine, I could like to
 hear you sing in the opera.

Cn. Your opera is like the musick of
 Molock, which was to amuse the people
 whilst their children were passing through

B

the

the fire. There was a statesman in Greece that had the most beautiful dog in the world, and whilst he was doing wrong things in the government, he cut off his dog's ears and his tail, then he turn'd him loose in the market-place, and every mouth was full of clamour, their eyes were struck with amazement, whilst the people were slyly cheated, the dog monopoliz'd all the nine days wonder to himself.

Co. Oh orator, thou must come and refine thy manners at court.

Cn. Our sending an orator to court is like sending an hound to Sicily, the climate is so fine, and the soil so rich, the perfume of the herbs and flowers that grow in every field, are so exceeding sweet, that the dog will never bark, because he cannot pursue in the scent of the game.

Co. We want an orator, that is a well-bred nobleman, properly bold; a Cato without moroseness, equally fit for the senate or the field, he labour'd, he toil'd, and always walk'd on foot with his soldiers, and by that condescension convers'd with all degrees of men; his understanding being well ground upon the grindstone of affliction; his wit was strong and sharp as a hatchet, that would cut down an oak or shave a man. My hero in parliament shall stand with a
foot

foot in either scale, bolt upright, and there to harangue for the good of his king or country.

Cn. But then he shall never go to court, for who can bear the lightning glare of a lyon's eye; or in the reverse, you know the wagging of his tail it is tempting; Lord Michael de Montain says, "That the largeness of the fortunes of the French Lords makes them to keep the world at a distance, and spend their time chiefly in an uncouth solitude." I hate an old Babe-Lord, that lives in a nursery, he has a festival-fortune, a festival-table, a festival-belley, and a fasting-brain! his heart is a two-arm'd chair, in which his spirits always sleep, and when he speaks it is only the snoring of the soul! when he is in their parliament he is a drowsy hum-drum drone, and is always gaping for the other mouthful! aye or no are both alike to him, he snorts, he rises, and stretches himself for an outcry, Here, here, who waits? Lord Lazy's servants. A gentleman having a lethargy, his physician every day, after dinner, left a madman with him in his room, in order to raise his spirits, and disperse the gloomy cloud from the mind; and I wou'd have you to try this experiment upon all your folks.

Co. Lord Montain himself was lazy, he
 B 2 said,

said, he did not care if his servants did cheat him, so that he knew it not, for if he did, then his honour and honesty were obliged to rise in arms against his laziness. But if his servant was a steward, he was dangerous to himself and the whole country.

Cn. And it is wonderful that such men, shou'd pretend to manage the affairs of state, when they cannot manage their own estates.

Co. Lord Montain was above his fortune, he says, " The wisest of men are always seeking after a spiritual being, and that the nobility of France take no care to manure the soul, but all their aim is at honour, and that honour to be gain'd by feats of war."

Cn. But our great men sit upon their couches studying of Solomon, and Solomon never fought; for we have heads, heads like wind-mills and water-mills, move by air, and swallow down floods, and grind their corn. The French have heads full of the Roman madness, and rambling ambition; they lie upon the lurch, they know when a nation is high fed, fat, and fit for slaughter; at such a time they slyly crept and conquer'd Rome, when Rome was as London is: But when these high-fed grand don Solomons were vanquish'd, they went into the market-place, and sitting in their ivory chairs and robes of state, the enemies took them for
Gods

Gods, they stroaked their faces and shook 'em by their long white beards; they made 'em angry, and then they smote 'em and slew 'em. So this is the end of ease, pleasure, and plenty, it makes 'em too lazy to be honourable.

Co. Methinks I see your country gentlemen upon the gallop, for they are all set out full drive to the city of wealth; 'tis a town of pigsties full of fat swine, they drink, they sleep, and are doubly fed, and others will feed upon them, but not till they are dead.

Cn. We do good and no harm, we are men of honour, the promise of a country gentleman will weigh a pound; but when your bladder-headed folks puff out their promises, with that fulsome wind we blow up all our foot-balls, and when this same foot-ball is full of court promises, there is an appetite in every toe to give it a punt, then hundreds pursue and kick it up the street and down, to the top of the house it mounts and down the chimney drops, it bounces from the fire to the floor, the ladies at their breakfast shriek, in haste they rise, and down the table and the china falls, an hundred wait at the door to be reveng'd, then out goes the ball, and to it again: By this you hear how we serve your honey-gall promises, and these promises have been a scandal upon a court education by the antiquities of all ages. Plutarch says, "That lying is only the failing of a slave," and is it not strange that a gentleman cannot only condescend to be a servant and a slave, but he must let the world know that he

is really so, by being guilty of the failing; for lying is a temptation that haunts servitude in all degrees of life; and some of these men have titles, but know not that it is a dishonour to the image of majesty, when it is stamp'd upon a leaden shilling, valuable only because it will bend any way.

Co. Condemn not all for a few, what think you of Montague the Great, and Lonsdale the late.

Cn. The one had humility and humanity, the other was deep and clear in pursuit of the true business of life; but now you have but one gentleman amongst you in the mouth of fame, remarkable for benevolence, and we have the same in the country and more.

Enter a Farmer.

So, Tom, what brings you to town?

Tom. You must know, Sir, that I have two brothers; Dick lives in Ireland, brother Watt in Scotland, I live in Wales, and my mother in England, and we four are all as one, but we are all ruin'd and undone; the devil transform'd himself into an angel of light, and he tempted my father, and persuaded him to be wickedly religious, and he sent out preachers, but they were not regarded; then my father drew his sword, and his sword did preach, and he bought ropes, and the ropes did preach, and the devil preach'd with them, for my father was all for sacrifices and blood-offering: He had his estate upon terms, but then he broke through his agreement and forfeited his lease, and so he

run

run from his country ; but then my father died, and a Dutchman came, he took the estate and married my mother, but he run the estate in debt and began to mortgage, and he died ; then my mother took a governess, and soon she died ; and then my mother married a good outlandish man, and he dy'd also ; but then she married another out of the same country, and I fell a dancing and ringing of bells ; but brother Dick said, Leave ringing of bells and ring your hands, ye fool. first stay and see how the pudding proves ; but Watt was wicked, and fought against his father and the law ; for, you must know, my new father had a child of his own, and he lov'd him dearly, he bought him a many white frocks, and a drum, he set him a horse back, and then he glory'd in him : But, as he grew up, he was wild, and catch'd the French disease, and is now under a salivation. My father has got a good estate of his own, but he says that we shall pay the doctor, it is a long bill, and we are three poor men, over head-and-ears in debt, the estate is mortgag'd, and we are quite ruin'd and undone, so now I am come up to town for a litle law ; what wou'd the parliament say to this ?

Cn. I think you will have no relief in parliament, except you cou'd go and take Oliver Cromwel with you, for there he'd talk of his magna charta, and magna farte, and then your business wou'd be done.

Tom. But that will never be.

Cn.

Cn. Why so, Pythagoras was a wise man, and he said, that he had liv'd in this world two hundred and forty-six years, and in that time his spirit had worn out five different bodies; and if Cromwel's soul should pass thus from one body to another, why then he is still alive among us, so there is hope for thee man. Come, Tom, thou shalt dine with me to-day. [Exeunt.]

The Scene opens and discovers Fœlix alone.

Fœ. King Charles the First could never bear to hear the name of parliament, but always trembled at the sound of the word, and so do I at the name of Malitia; for they must have guns, and if they sho'd take aim at my actions, and break the neck of my inventions, how then, but if we have none, what will the world say? why, they will say that some folks fly when none pursue! I know the great dons all hate me, they call me scrub, and scoundrel; but what care I for that, I am like Caius Marius, he was a man of low life, but he was the greatest man in Rome. Any nobleman might accept of my post, but then, they cannot do those things that I can do? I am a true Corinthian, I am like the scape-goat amongst the Jews, they laid all their sin upon the back of the poor creature, and then threw him down the rock; but hold, I am not gone yet, for I will catch hold of somebody's skirt before I fall. Although the great men hate me, why should they boast, we all came from Adam, and he that has the most humanity is the most honourable.

Silver

Silver and gold has no pretence,

Fate gives that to fools instead of sense.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, I am come to return you thanks for the post I have receiv'd, through your interest, in the army.

Foe. You are quite out of my remembrance, pray Sir what is your name?

Off. My name is Claverslich, I was a taylor in the borough of Scales; at the last election my father's interest, and mine, turn'd the scale in favour of Sir Walter Weather-Cock.

Foe. Oh I remember our good friend Sir Walter did spake to me concerning you, and am glad you have got the post; I perceive you are left-handed, because your sword hangs at the right side?

Off. No, Sir, I am not, but I will go out and alter it, and come again. *[Exit Officer.]*

Foe. This is but a weak brother, but I am not so much for strength in the army, as I am for strength in the parliament: I know it is most proper to pick our officers out of the common soldiers, and such as have been tried, men with empty pockets, empty bellies, hearts full of valour, and heads full of ambition, and such as have no reason to love their lives, but then these men have no interest.

Enter the Ghost of Sir R—b—t.

My candle burns blue, ha, what do I see, or seem to see, there are sicknesses that walk in darkness, peering about in the night, and breathing

ing forth our bairn infected by the gall of death, when heaven says, Come, the exterminating angels quick catch the sounds away, they wrap themselves in the curtains of immateriality, and peeping through the clouds, they sling the fatal sentence upon us and we are gone; but this I see with mortal eyes, friend tell me for what art thou com'n.

Go. Once I was a man like thee, in post and power, but, dragon like, I drew the third part of the stars at my tail; I was the great tormentor of my time, for every pauper in the kingdom felt the vibration of my ——— stings: alas! alas! I put the poor man's candle out, and made him pay for the light of day; and as I stand upon the side of the moon, I hear the bankrupt's groans, the widow's and the orphan's sighs, they all ascend to heaven, their tears are catch'd in the vials divine, laid up for witnessess against me. I was the cause of this, for why? for what? only to protect that million-curs'd country called England's ruin, and every curse is become a spirit in the air, and fights against the cursed: Oh Fœlix, Fœlix, undo all that I have done, and then my wand'ring soul will be at rest.

Fœ. Oh, consider thou, into what a great calamity we are fallen, and if ever thou didst thy dear old master love, tell me, I pray thee, where some hidd'n treasure lies? money is the thing we want, but if thou can'st not tell, return and send some friend to Lucifer, and desire the favour of him to let me know.

[Exit Ghost.
Thunder

Thunder and Lightning, enter the Ghost of Cromwel.

Cr. Now Fœlix, I am come to set the world to rights, and to unfold the tale; I'll change the name of air to wind, from wind to storm, from storm to hurricanes round the head shall fly, with a chissel-tongue upon thy marble heart engrave my solemn words so deep, shall make thy soul to shiver; a wicked man desires to be rich, that he may have four footmen to ride behind his coach, their names are, Pride, Lust, Tyranny, and Oppression, for sin always waits upon wealth ready dress'd, and fit for action; then you must have two men out of livery, Folly and Wantonness, they wait at table; then sickness, death, and the devil takes away: For what is become of the pleasures of sin that you enjoyed but yesterday? they are not any-where to be found, only in the books of heaven, up mounted high at the grand tribunal-bar; they'll meet thee front to front, like the lion in the way, proclaiming all thy crimes in horrid roars; and there the dreadful chariot stands, twitch'd in, quick catch'd away with green lightning and black thunder, bellowing through the boundless deep. At this tremendous noise the echoes from their volted domes resound, damnation rous'd in arms, and alarm'd the realms of hell, the flaming scorpions rise in shape a horse, with face like man look furious fierce infernal;
and

and when thou art mounted there-upon,
they'll romp, they'll rear, and lash thee with
a tail of fire, then swiftly down they'll run in
plung o'er-whelm'd in darkness dire, where
torments terrible will never cease and no
relief but howling.

Foe. Thou mak'st me tremble.

Go. Tremble thou at this, for this made
Foelix tremble? In the parliament of hell,
there is no bribing there, for Belzebub is,
more just than that.

The End of the First Act.

4 AP 54



